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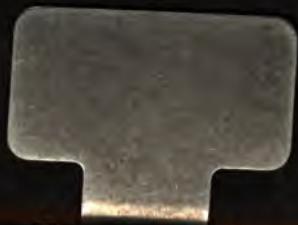
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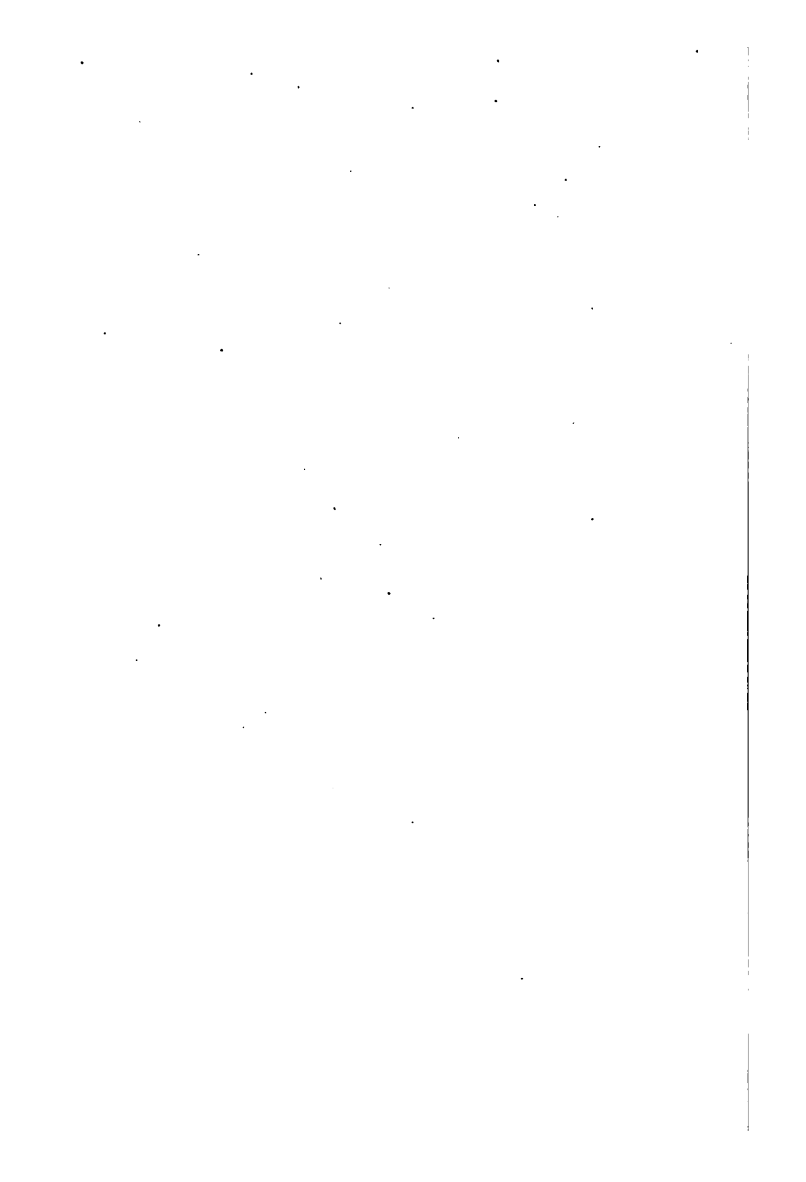
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SONGS OF PERSEVERANCE.

BY •THE SAME AUTHOR.

THE DAILY LIFE OF THE CHRISTIAN CHILD.

Twentieth Thousand.

CORPORAL WORKS OF MERCY.

SPIRITUAL WORKS OF MERCY.

VERSES FOR THE CHRISTIAN SEASONS.

THE BAPTISMAL NAME.

VERSES FOR CHRISTIAN CHILDREN.

Third Thousand.

HYMNS FOR THE FEASTS, ETC.

THE SECOND ADVENT.

SONGS OF PERSEVERANCE.

A Manual of Devotional Verse.

BY

ESTHER WIGLESWORTH,

**AUTHOR OF 'THE DAILY LIFE OF THE CHRISTIAN CHILD,' 'VERSES FOR
CHRISTIAN SEASONS,' 'HYMNS FOR THE FEASTS,' ETC. ETC.**

WITH A PREFACE BY THE

REV. JOHN ELLERTON,

RECTOR OF WHITE ROTHING.

*'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a
Crown of Life.'*

LONDON:

JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

1885.

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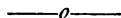
DEDICATION.



Dear Master, at Thy Sacred Feet I lay
The Gift God-given,
Which ofttimes has illumed my soul as ray
Of light from heaven.
Oh may these numbers joy to mourners bring,
The burdened cheer ;
Aid them with tidings of the coming King
To persevere :
Then will the joy of Ministry be mine,
But all the glory, Master, shall be Thine.



P R E F A C E.



THE verses in this little volume are the product of the leisure hours of one engaged in the most anxious and difficult of all the many tasks which Christian women in our time have found themselves called to undertake for their Lord—Church Penitentiary Work. The writer has asked that some word of preface should be written by one who has seen the poems in MS., and whose occasional suggestions for their alteration have been most kindly received.

I am sure that I am interpreting the writer's mind, when I ask that her work may be accepted not so much for any merit it possesses as a book of Sacred Poetry (though here I venture to think it will stand its ground), but rather as a vehicle

for devotional thought, and as suggestive of such thoughts to many to whom God has given the blessing of quiet hours. Those who will take it up at leisure will find, I think, in this book something of the freshness and quaintness with which our older sacred poets loved to dress their meditations ; and, in any wise, I doubt not they will find, if but here and there, a passing note which will echo in their own hearts, and witness for itself that it is a true outcome of devout converse with God.

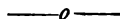
JOHN ELLERTON.

BARNES RECTORY,

Advent 1883.



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FIRST DAY.



Shining.

‘ Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.’

ARISE, arise, thy Light is come !
Oh, Christian, brightly shine ;
Bathed in the glory of thy God,
Reflect that Light Divine.

What though an earthen vessel thou ?
The earth reflects the sun ;
And thou shalt shine if every work
As in GOD’s sight be done.

Keep but thy heart with tender care
From all pollution free ;
Live in the sunshine of GOD’s smile,
And thou shalt radiant be.

Let neither wealth nor pleasure cause
Thy heart to swerve aside ;
God is thy Centre ; in the place
Where thou art set abide.

And thou wilt, gazing on thy Sun,
In thy true orbit move,
And all unconsciously reflect
His Light, His Life, His Love.



SECOND DAY.

— o —

Begin Again.

‘Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark.’

CHILD, hast thou left thy home,
 Despised thy Saviour’s grace?
 Thy Father calls thee,—come,
 Thy downward steps retrace.
 Oh, hear His tender voice,
 ‘I pardon thee, rejoice!
 With cleansing blood imbued,
 With health and peace endued,
 Begin again.’

Child, on forbidden ground
 Hast bruised thy wayward feet?
 No living waters found,
 No shelter from the heat:

Oh, hear thy Shepherd's voice,
'In Me the Way rejoice !
Thy bruises I will heal,
My pleasant paths reveal.
Begin again.'

Child, hast thou planned to lay
Thy work at Jesus' feet ?
Dost weep at close of day
O'er labour incomplete ?
Oh, hear thy Master's voice,
'In Me thy End rejoice !
Fret not o'er work undone,
But with the morrow's sun
Begin again.'



THIRD DAY.



Deal Gently.

‘Deal gently for My sake.’

‘DEAL gently, child,
No hasty vengeance take :
Although thy brother grievously hath sinned,
Deal gently for My sake.

‘Speak gently, child,
Strike not the flinty rock ;
Lest, though the waters flow, one soul—thine
own—
Should perish in the shock.

‘A tender glance
The wanderer may recall ;
Oh, for My sake do thou with pleading look
Avert thy brother’s fall.

When the lost sheep
Is rescued from the wild,
I shall with songs rejoice ; deal gently, then,
For My sake, oh, my child.'

Oh, royal grace !
Descending to entreat,
When Thou my King hast only to command
Thy servant at Thy feet.

Beside Thy cross
Love's measure I will take,
And there enshrine within my heart Thy word,
' Deal gently for My sake.'



FOURTH DAY.



Special Grace.

‘My GOD shall supply all your need.

I NEED Thy grace, my GOD,
From early morn to eve,
To live beneath Thine Eye;
That as the moments fly
Their tribute each may bring,
Stamped with Thy die, my King :—
Grant me this grace, my GOD.

I need Thy grace, my GOD,
Life's *little* ills to bear ;
The Cross which seems so light,
The conflict oft so slight,
That none but Thou canst see
A strife, a victory :—
Grant me this grace, my GOD.

I need Thy grace, my GOD,
When evil days abound,
When right gives way to wrong,
And Satan's arm seems strong ;
To know that Thou dost reign,
And Right the Day will gain :—
Grant me this grace, my GOD.

I need Thy grace, my GOD,
A lonely path to tread,
Yet not to feel alone,
Since Thou art with Thine own ;
To know that Thou art mine,
Even as I am Thine :—
Grant me this grace, my GOD.

I need Thy grace, my GOD,
When flesh and spirit fail,
And death is drawing nigh,
Calm in Thy Hands to lie ;
To fear no evil there,
Sure of Thy tender care :—
Grant me this grace, my GOD.

FIFTH DAY.



Holy Fear.

‘ And Moses hid his face, for he was afraid to look upon
GOD.’ ‘ And the Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a
man speaketh unto his friend.’

WOULD’ST thou thy GOD in vision see ?
Oh, pause and be afraid !
Rush not before His Majesty,
With words unfelt, unweighed.

Before Him sinless Angels fall,
Their shining faces veil ;
Canst thou, sin-stained, upon Him call,
Nor heart nor spirit quail ?

He whom God deigned as friend to meet
First hid his eyes in awe ;
Who fell as dead before Christ’s Feet,
His Revelation saw.

Dost thou before GOD's mercy-throne
With wandering spirit kneel,
Then wonder no Shechinah shone
His Presence to reveal ?

Would He not stoop Himself to thee,
And bid thee draw more near,
If thou wert robed with purity,
And veiled with holy fear ?

First step in Wisdom's pleasant ways,
Last gift of ghostly grace,
The reverent fear in childhood's gaze,
The awe on saintly face.

How could I meet, my GOD, Thine Eye ?
Oh, with Thy Spirit's fire
Burn from my heart sin's crimson dye,
Consume each base desire !

And let Thy glory to my sight
Through radiant cloud appear,
Till worship crave for fuller light,
And love crown Holy Fear.

Then back the flaming curtain draw,
 Reveal Thy Face Divine,
 Uphold me while I gaze with awe,
 Then with Thy Likeness shine.



SIXTH DAY.



Acceptance.

‘He hath made us to be accepted in the Beloved.’

THOU knowest, oh, my GOD !
I would my heart lay bare,
No festered wound conceal,
Each secret sin reveal,
Which nestles there.

Oh, it is peace, indeed,
Low kneeling at Thy Feet,
To pour forth all my grief,
And take with glad relief
Thy pardon sweet.

How could I wound Thy love !
To Thee again I flee ;

Since Thou for me hast died,
I would be justified
In Thee, in Thee.

Touch with Thy cleansing Blood
Each word, and deed, and thought,
Uphold me with Thy Hand ;
In Thee, Lord, I would stand,
Thine own, Blood-bought.



SEVENTH DAY.

**The Hand of God.**

‘He laid His Hand on them, and healed them.’

CHRISTIAN, lift thine eyes above thee,
Where the light clouds float on high,
Mark how softly over-arching
Gleams the azure sky.

Thus around, above, beneath thee,
Reaches God’s encircling Arm ;
Neither grief nor pain can vex thee,
Nought can work thee harm.

Though the Hand outstretched to save thee,
Press thee, pierce thee, wound thee sore,
Yet it proves Him close beside thee ;
Canst thou wish for more ?

When the great Physician proves thee,
Trust Him patiently awhile,
And His watchful Eyes upon thee
Meet with answering smile.

Yea, the very touch that pains thee
Healing virtue will impart ;
Therefore, though the flesh may quiver,
Be thou strong in heart.

Like the sculptor's chisel, giving
Beauty to the marble face,
Are the strokes of GOD, creating
Each some further grace.

So, when strong in health and beauty,
Thou dost in His presence shine,
Thou shalt bless with grateful wonder
Jesus' Touch Divine.



EIGHTH DAY.

**Gladness for the Humble.**

‘The humble shall see and be glad.’

I BENT my anxious eyes within,
I saw my evil ways;
I said, ‘I shall but weep for sin,
Henceforth, through all my days.’
I heard a whisper soft and sweet—
The Great Absolver’s voice,
‘Cast down thy burden at My Feet;
Rejoice, my child, rejoice!’
I turned me from the comfort blest;
I cried, ‘Ah, Lord! not so;
Sad Misereres fit me best,
And mourner’s garb of woe.’
He answered, ‘I can set thee free,
And cleanse from every stain;
Then cast thy load of guilt on Me,
Rejoice, I say again!’

I said, 'Behold, I sit apart
In sorrow all the day ;
To wash the sin-stains from my heart,
I mourn, and fast, and pray.'
He answered, 'Pride, My child, I see
Beneath thine aspect sad ;
The lowly hide themselves in Me,
And humble souls are glad.'

I raised my eyes, and in mid-air
They met a vision dread !
The Crucified uplifted there,
Thorn-crowned His Sacred Head :
He said, 'Behold thy ransom, child ;
On ME thy stripes were laid ;
I bore the sin, the Undefined,
Which makes thy soul afraid.

'To win the joy of saving thee
I bore the shame, the pain,
The thirst, the scourge, the agony—
Have all been borne in vain ?'
A wave of sorrow o'er me swept,
Before His Feet I fell ;
I could not speak, I only wept,
But He my heart could tell.

He took from me my heavy load,
He spake my sin's release ;
And o'er my contrite spirit flowed
The healing stream of Peace.
And now, accepted in the Son,
My thankful songs I raise ;
My sins are on the sinless One,
And all my Life is Praise.



NINTH DAY.

— o —

Prayer.

‘Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.’

DOTH not the Father know
The spirits He has made?
The depths which need the glow,
And heights the shade?

Then on Him humbly call,
His promise freely claim,
That He will grant thee all
Asked in His Name.

Can aught in earth or heaven
A gift too costly be,
Since He His Son hath given
To ransom thee?

Yet good might work thee ill,
And ill be good unknown ;
Then to thy Father's will
Yield thou thine own.

Oh, ne'er by prayer essay
To change God's blessèd will,
Lest He (ah, woful day !)
Thy aim fulfil.

A stone instead of bread
Such faithless prayer will bring,
A path through deserts dread,
A serpent's sting.

With chastened spirit pray,
'Not my will, Lord, but Thine ;'
Till thou hast learned to say
Thy Will is mine.

Then, sprinkled with Christ's Blood,
Pass through the riven veil,
And, wrestling with thy God,
A Prince prevail.

TENTH DAY.

**Praise.**

‘And when they began to sing, and to praise, the Lord set ambushments against the children of Ammon, Moab, and Mount Seir, which were come against Judah, and they were smitten.’

If overwhelmed with pain and griet,
And care thy portion be,
Oh, lift thy heart in praise to God,
For all His grace to thee.
The sharpest pain will softened be,
The burden wax more light,
And o’er the darkest hour will gleam
A ray of sunshine bright.

If passion, like a fiery blast,
Should overtake thy soul,
Then lift thy heart in praise to Him,
Who can the waves control :

At the first breath of praise, the wild
And raging winds will cease,
And o'er the stormy clouds will shine
The radiant bow of Peace.

If thou in fierce temptation's hour
Hast fled to GOD in prayer,
Yet evil thoughts, like birds unclean,
Infest thee even there :
Then change thy note of prayer to praise,
Thy supplicating cry,
Upon the wings of praise upborne,
Will bring thee victory.

If thou must wear the mourner's garb,
Be praise its inmost fold,
E'en as the darkest thundercloud
Is lined with brightest gold.
Yea, as thy Master, ere His Feet
The path of sorrows trod,
Prepared for dread Gethsemane,
By hymns of praise to GOD.

No vexing care, no thought impure,
With hearts adoring dwell ;
The shining garb of praise repels
The fiery darts of hell.

Hosannah as a wall defends
Our Kingdom for its King,
He lets no evil pass the gates
Which Hallelujah sing.¹

¹ Isaiah lx. 18.



ELEVENTH DAY.

**Looking.**

' Looking away unto Jesus ' (lit. trans.).

FROM friends who would stay thee
When GOD calls thee higher ;
From pleasure which quenches
Each noble desire ;
From sins which beset thee,
From lusts which betray ;
From Satan who tempts thee,
Look, Christian, away.

Look from them to Jesus,
In Him, Christian, hide ;
See opened to shield thee
A cleft in His Side :
No sin can molest thee,
No pleasure ensnare,
No devil can harm thee,
While sheltering there.

Keep near thy Guide, Christian,
His hand firmly hold,
Through briery pathway,
Through street paved with gold.
Of downward gaze, raptured
Or troubled, beware !
Look up, and walk freely,
Mid riches or care.

On Jesus thy Captain,
Keep, Christian, thine eye ;
He will in fierce conflict
To succour thee fly.
The sword of His Spirit
With joyfulness wield ;
No arrow can wound thee
When He is thy Shield.

Look, Christian, to Jesus
When night o'er thee steals ;
The Light of His presence
Each ambush reveals.
Can wiles of the devil
The Christian beguile,
Whose life is GOD's favour,
Whose joy is His smile ?

Then safe in God's City,
Where all is delight,
One vision entrancing
Will ravish thy sight.
The bliss of the blessèd
For ever will be
The King in His beauty
Unveiled to see.



TWELFTH DAY.



Joy.

‘The joy of the Lord is your strength.’

RAREST of precious gifts,
The royal gift of joy,
The princely soul uplifts
From earth’s annoy.

Enlinked with love and peace,
Upborne on Hope’s strong wings,
Ere the King’s mandate cease
Joy forward springs.

Ere Hope’s bright pinions droop,
Or Faith’s strong vision fails,
Joy with a mighty swoop
God’s foe assails.

It hears the glorious strain
Above the rushing flood,
'God over all doth reign,
And God is good.'

Where God's blest Spirit dwells,
Ninefold in clusters three
(If nought His grace repels)
The Fruit will be.

If from its place assigned
One fruit should haply fall,
The symmetry designed
Is lost by all.

Then, oh my soul, beware
If bitter hate of wrong,
Impelled by dark despair,
Bear thee along.

If Joy has winged its flight,
Can Peace thy soul possess?
Wilt thou with sin so fight,
That Love can bless?

With oil of gladness crowned,
Christ on the serpent trod,
And place in anguish found
For joy in God.

In His blest footprints tread,
In God, thy God, delight ;
Joy in each conflict dread
Will be thy might.



THIRTEENTH DAY.

**The Beautiful Flock.**

‘The LORD seeth not as man seeth.’

‘GREAT Shepherd of souls, as we look on Thy flock,
The lambs which Thy kind Arms enfold,
Some sheep far behind Thee, some close at
Thy Side,
By trustful affection grown bold ;

‘We mark how Thy voice can encourage the weak,
How Thou guidest the strong by Thine eye,
How the timid lambs trust to Thy tender
embrace,
And gazing, Good Shepherd, we sigh.

‘Can these be the sheep whom Thy Blood has
redeemed ?
Their fleeces bespattered and torn,
So careless to follow, so ready to stray,
So feeble, diseased, and forlorn.

‘ Oh, what canst Thou see in a flock such as this ?

Are they worth, tender Shepherd, Thy care ?
Will they ever repay all Thy wonderful love ?
Or does love make the wretched seem fair ? ’

‘ Ye see but the fleeces bespattered and torn ;
I see the hearts faithful and true,
And hear how they mourn o’er their vesture defiled,
As they seek from Me cleansing anew. •

‘ Ye see them bewildered, dejected, dismayed ;
I see them anointed with grace,
And mark how the sign which has sealed them
Mine own
Has left on their fleeces its trace.

‘ Ye see their feet slip on the steep mountain side ;
I see them stand firm on the Rock,
In vesture more dazzling than sun-lighted snow,
And I call them My beautiful flock.’

FOURTEENTH DAY.



Dew.

‘I will be the dew unto Israel.’

THE sultry hour will pass !
When evening mists are blue ;
To every blade of grass
Comes its own drop of dew.

To every wound its balm !
Grief has its special grace ;
Sickness, its moments calm,
When GOD reveals His Face.

With healing on His wings
He sends the Blessèd Dove,
Who to each sufferer brings
God’s Potion mixed with Love.

Then seek thou as a son
God's Blessing on the cup,
And, with 'Thy will be done,'
Drink, and look smiling up.

God wills that as thy day
Shall thy refreshment be ;
See thou that grief alway
Bring forth its grace in thee.

If fierce the noontide heat,
The more bedewed the flower,
Whose fragrance, subtly sweet,
Pervades eve's tender hour.

So thou with strength renewed
Shalt from the dust arise,
With God's own breath bedewed,
And glistening in His Eyes.



ST. BRADY

ST. BRADY

ST. BRADY

ST. BRADY

ST. BRADY

ST. BRADY

ST. BRADY

Your presence calm
The Ice-King's arrow stays,
And Summer's wealth of flowers
Your care repays.

From slimy pool
Exhaled, or briny sea,
Transformed in heaven's clear air,
How pure are ye !

O crystal stars !
Once earth-stained, bitter, base,
Ye are the symbols meet
Of God's rich grace.

His Spirit breathed,
His Cross impressed, and lo !
The lost and sin-defiled
Are white as snow.

Transfigured Saints !
They move at God's behest,
And make the whole wide earth
One Eden blest.

SIXTEENTH DAY.

**The Willing Bondman.**

‘I love my Master ; I will not go out free.’—Ex. xxi. 5.

AND canst Thou ask me, Master, now,
If I will go out free,
When those beneath Thy yoke who bow
Find there true liberty ?

The freedom which the world bestows
Will vilest serfdom prove ;
Thy burden ever lighter grows,
For, Master, Thee I love.

See, kneeling at Thy sacred Feet,
I place my hands in Thine,
Myself to vassalage complete
With joyfulness resign.

Erewhile I watched Thy guiding eye,
Each motion of Thy Hand,
Now open, Lord, my ear, that I
Thy word may understand.

- Or bid me on Thine errands run,
Or bid me stand aside,
While glorious work for Thee is done,
In waiting to abide.

I ask not, Lord, if great or small
My work for Thee shall be ;
Thou, Master, art my All in all,
I will not go out free !



SEVENTEENTH DAY.

**The Royal Guest.**

‘The Master saith, Where is the guest chamber?’

My Lord a gracious message sent :

‘Prepare a room for Me ;

I even now am on My way

To stay awhile with thee.’

Although no chamber meet have I

For so Divine a Guest,

I washed with drops of penitence

The room He loves the best.

With calamus I strewed the floor,

It gives a goodly smell ;

The fragrance of a grateful heart

Will please my Master well.

Of cassia, cinnamon, and myrrh¹
I formed an ointment sweet ;
I mixed them with glad tears of love,
All ready for His Feet.

Pure oil to pour upon His Head
In silver cruse is stored,
And I upon the threshold wait
To greet my royal Lord.

Oh, deign to enter, Holy One,
All that I have is Thine ;
Take full possession of my heart,
Great Master, Friend Divine.

¹ Ex. xxx. 23-25.



EIGHTEENTH DAY:



Waiting.

‘The days are prolonged, and every vision faileth.’

Now, as of old from Israel,
Goes up the faithless wail,
The evil days are lengthened,
And the golden visions fail.

The pilgrims, journeying bravely
Through all the scorching day,
Grow faint and very weary
At the lengthening of the way.

The soldiers who pressed forward,
All eager for the fight,
Are shrinking from the watches
Of the long and fearsome night.

The servants who exulted
In noble work and great,
Are murmuring at the bidding
But to pause, and stand, and wait.

It needeth greater patience
To suffer than to do ;
A purer, sterner courage
To withstand than to pursue.

The Day which seems so distant
Your longing eyes shall see,
And more than all your visions
Shall the glad fruition be.

The waiting shall be ended,
The patient watch be o'er,
The Master, long expected,
Shall be yours for evermore.



NINETEENTH DAY.

**Work and Pray.**

‘We are workers together with GOD.’

Dost ask for Faith? With single eye
Seek GOD in all to see ;
Do all thy work as unto Him,
And thine the gift will be.

Dost ask for Hope? Look not below,
But raise thine eyes to heaven ;
When earthly things content thee not,
The heavenly gift is given.

Dost ask for Love? Then gaze on Him
Who is true Love Divine,
Reflect the Light that streams on thee,
And that best gift is thine.

Nor idle prayer, nor prayerless work,
These priceless gifts can gain ;
Both work and pray, and every grace
Thou wilt from God obtain.



TWENTIETH DAY.



Bruising.

‘By His stripes we are healed.’

As corn is crushed ere used
For life-sustaining bread,
So was He marred and bruised
By whom our souls are fed.
The tender vine must bleed,
Its prunings feed the root,
Ere sap, death-fed, succeed
In forming glorious fruit.

Thus bend beneath their load,
Thy branches, Mystic Vine ;
From age to age has flowed
Through each Thy sap Divine.
The spear has pierced Thy Heart,
Thy Life-Blood has been shed,
And life in every part
With Life Divine is fed.

O Host who art the Feast,
Thy heavenly Banquet spread,
And me, the last and least,
Feed with the Children's Bread.
Bring forth the ruddy Wine
From Thy pierced Heart outpoured,
Ah me ! what Food is mine !
Thy Flesh and Blood, my Lord.

Shall mine the Banquet be,
Thine only, Lord, the pain ?
I would yield fruit for Thee ;
Purge Thou each throbbing vein,
That nought in me impede
The tide of Life Divine,
Which flows (ah, grace indeed !)
From Thy full Heart to mine.

Where living grafts are found,
There clustered grapes will be ;
Like Eshcol's branch renowned,
Thy Fruit, O glorious Tree !
Fit for the Master's Eye,
Meet for the Master's board,—
Thy longings satisfy
With first-ripe grapes, my Lord !

TWENTY-FIRST DAY.



Ephphatha.

‘ Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak.’

How swift to speak ! how fast thy bitter words
Like hailstones fall :
What though the storm be brief ? a harm is
done
Beyond recall.

For they have left their mark on hopes destroyed,
On hearts estranged ;
A bitter desolation quickly brought,
Where Love once reigned.

How slow to hear ! That message from the
King
Was meant for thee :
Another on thy mission ran, and his
The gain will be.

Thy dull, cold ears have never caught the power
Of God's still voice ;
The chill of darkness overspreads the soul
He bids rejoice.

The Master waits His Ephphatha to breathe ;
That breathing seek,
Then swift to hear, O let thy love-touched
tongue
Be slow to speak !



TWENTY-SECOND DAY.

**The Thought of God.**

I AM Thine own, my God,
For Thou createdst me ;
I am Thy thought, which Thou
Didst will should be.

Saviour, I am Thine own,
For Thou redeemedst me ;
The ransom for my soul
Was paid by Thee.

Made in Thine Image, Lord,
Thy God-like gift of will
Has given me power to choose
Or good, or ill.

Low kneeling at Thy Feet,
My Saviour and my King,
A willing sacrifice,
Myself I bring.

Take what is trebly Thine,
My body, spirit, soul ;
Move Thöu each secret spring,
Each thought control.

E'en as the plastic clay,
I in Thine Hands would be ;
What Thy pure Mind conceived
Form Thou in me.

O to be fair, my Gop,
In Thy most holy sight !
That Thou in Thine own work
May'st take delight.



TWENTY-THIRD DAY.

**The Ladder.**

‘Add to your faith virtue ; and to virtue knowledge ;
and to knowledge temperance ; and to temperance
patience ; and to patience godliness ; and to godliness
brotherly kindness ; and to brotherly kindness charity.’

‘SEE raised to heaven a ladder bright ;
Can one of that fair band
Think to attain its dizzy height ?’
‘Enlinked there all will stand.’

Faith upward looks with steadfast gaze,
Half rising from the ground,
Then, catching gleams of glorious rays,
Springs to the lowest round.

Virtue, which faith and courage blends,
Oft wrestles with despair,
Anon a higher step ascends,
And lifts her sister there.

See, bending towards them, Knowledge stands
And mysteries unfolds ;
They grasp her skirt with eager hands,
While she their steps upholds.

Ah ! seek they now with hasty bound
The ladder's height to scale ?
'The arms of Temperance surround,
And keep them in her pale.'

Hark ! how their voices sweetly blend :
'For things, so good, so great,
Which, Lord, our highest thoughts transcend,
We will with Patience wait.'

'She sheds o'er all a tender grace ;'
'Yea, while they calmly brood,
They higher rise, and each pure face
Reflects the Peace of God.'

'Ah, sure that central grace will fall
Who all the rest sustains !'
'Nay, Kindness, while embracing all
From all support obtains.'

The last step gained ! the round extends
Like to a shoreless sea !
' Yes, Kindness to the brethren ends
In boundless Charity.'

' How bright they shine ! they walk in light !
Ah ! were they caught above ?
That sudden blaze has dimmed my sight !'
' They see the God of Love.'



TWENTY-FOURTH DAY.



The Still Small Voice.

‘Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.’

THE very air is still !
With listening ear
My soul expectant waits
Thy Voice to hear :
Lord, speak to me.

Thy Look is to my soul
As sunshine bright ;
Thy Smile has stirred its depths
With strange delight :
Yet speak to me.

For, Lord, Thy words have been
As honey sweet,
Life to my fainting soul,
Light to my feet :
Then speak to me.

Speak, and whate'er the word,
I will obey ;
Lord, I will follow Thee
When shown the way :
Oh, speak to me !

I feel Thy Presence dread,
Though veiled mine eyes ;
Yet to my pleading voice
No voice replies :
Oh, speak to me !

Still silent, Lord ? then let
My silence plead ;
Oh, hear my spirit-cry !
Thou know'st its need :
Speak, speak to me.

.
Bless'd be Thy Holy Name !
Prostrate I fall ;
Thy still small voice I hear,
My GOD, my All,
Speaking to me !

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY.

**The Lord's Jewels.**

'They shall be Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels.'

THE Jewels of the Lord ;—
Won by His Arm of might,
To deck for evermore
The Victor's crown of light.

The Jewels of the Lord ;—
The Saints of God are they ;
His treasure He will guard
Unceasing night and day.

The Jewels of the Lord ;—
He counts them o'er and o'er,
With love that will not lose
The least in all His store.

Oh, may Thy radiance, Lord,
Each moment gleam in me,
That even I may shine,
A Jewel owned by Thee !

When for Thy many crowns
Thy Jewels are complete,
All priceless, flashing gems,
For the King's Bridal meet,

Among Thy Jewels stored,
May I on that glad day
Add to Thy dazzling Crown
The light of but one ray.



TWENTY-SIXTH DAY.

**First and Last Works.**

‘I know thy works, and the last to be more than first.’

WHEN first we hear the Master's call
In tones surpassing sweet,
How easy then to leave our all
To sit at His dear Feet !

His City in its crystal sheen
Shines out before the eye,
Faith sees no length of way between,
The vision looks so nigh.

While Hope, with eager longing fired
To win the victor's prize,
Starts joyous on her race, inspired
By the King's watching Eyes.

The heart drawn to the Crucified
With tender love o'erflows ;
It has no room for aught beside,
When Jesus first it knows.

It finds a sweetness in the cross,
In worship a delight,
Joys for His sake to suffer loss,
Would serve Him day and night.

Like matin carol of the lark,
Like dewy flower in spring,
So fresh, so glad, is Love's first work,
Can aught more please our King?

Ah yes ! if mists the City hide,
Or Christ His Presence veil,
If Faith can still with Him abide,
And trust when visions fail ;

If Hope, though distanced in the race,
Will calmly struggle on,
Still trusting, of the King's free grace,
To hear His kind 'Well done ;'

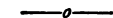
If for His Love before His Feet
Love can adoring fall ;
Not that she only found it sweet,
But that He loveth all ;

If, seeking nothing to possess,
She find in God her bliss,
And lose herself in happiness
That He so glorious is ;—

Then while the King will own as good
The love in loving blest,
He counts the love which seeks its God
For what He is, the best.



TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY.



Refining.

‘ He shall sit as a Refiner.’

THOUGH quiv’ring lips betoken
A heart with anguish faint,
Yet, child of Him who tries thee,
Breathe thou no rash complaint :
Not willingly He sendeth
His messenger of Pain,
Which yet received in meekness
Shall work thee endless gain.

Thy Father will not send thee
More than thy strength can bear ;
If sore thy burden gall thee,
That burden He will share ;
He will not chide, though trembling,
The flesh from suffering shrink,
If from His bitter chalice
The willing spirit drink.

It is the great Refiner,
It is thy Friend Divine,
Who set thee in the furnace
Thy spirit to refine ;
Be sure He there will leave thee,
True token of His grace,
Till in thee be reflected
The beauty of His Face.

For in the fiery furnace
Thy spirit is annealed,
To bear the weight of glory
In thee to be revealed ;
When those with Christ who suffer
With Him shall live and reign,
Where everlasting gladness
Shall banish thought of pain.

Then, all thy trial ended,
At rest in His embrace,
Thou in His Heart shall read it,
The secret of His grace :
'I take not from My Children
The blessed gift of pain,
Till all things be accomplished
In their eternal gain.'

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY.



Honey.

‘Oh how I love Thy law ! it is my meditation all the day. How sweet are Thy words unto my taste ! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth !’

THY words, O Word of GOD,
Breathed by Thy Spirit blest,
Are more to me than food,
More than my needful rest.

As bee in summer hour,
Allured by nectar sweet,
Half buried in the flower,
Seeks there its proper meat :

So I, absorbed, would draw,
In restful solitude,
The sweetness from Thy Law,
Be with its life imbued.

As she, heaven-taught, foretells
In sunny, sunless days ;
For them in waxen cells
Her virgin honey lays :

So thoughts in memory's shrine
My thankful heart engage,
Culled when a Light Divine
Flashed o'er the Sacred Page.

How sweet was then Thy Word !
How sweet it comes again
Its solace to afford
In restless hours of pain !

The bee on work intent
Has won a golden dower,
God's little Angel sent
With life to sterile flower.

In blossoms many-hued,
In store of precious seed,
In life-sustaining food,
Behold her labour's meed !

The lesson, Lord, impress
Deep on my mind and heart,
And so my labour bless,
That storing, I impart.

What if some wingèd word
Should fall on listening ear,
In tender heart be stored,
In golden deed appear !

What if the honied store,
Enlightening his eyes,
A Jonathan empower
To quell God's enemies !

What if my labour gain
A blessing so Divine,
That it a Saint should train
Before God's Throne to shine !

How would I bless Thee, Lord,
For such high grace to me !
But Thine the thought and word,
And Thine the Praise should be !

TWENTY-NINTH DAY.

**The Tabernacle.**

'For there was a Tabernacle made ; the first, wherein was the candlestick, and the table, and the shewbread ; which is called the Sanctuary. And after the second veil, the tabernacle which is called the Holiest of all ; which had the golden censer, and the ark of the covenant overlaid round about with gold, wherein was the golden pot that had manna, and Aaron's rod that budded, and the tables of the covenant ; and over it the cherubims of glory shadowing the mercy seat.'

My heart a Tabernacle is,
Enclosed with curtains white ;
The dedicated Altar there
Is veiled from human sight.

As spices laid on coals of fire
Send forth a perfume rare,
My thoughts, enkindled, Lord, by Thee,
Ascend as fervent prayer :

And fragrance as of incense sweet
Pervades the Holy Place,
Where GOD illumines and feeds my soul
With treasures of His grace.

Most Holy, sanctified with Blood,
With virgin gold inlaid,
Is that still chamber which my God
His dwelling-place hath made.

Although I have no jewels rare
Wherewith to deck the shrine ;
When God reveals His Presence there
It glows with Light Divine.

He speaks as to a son beloved ;
I hearken to His word ;
My every thought to Him reveal,
And yet no voice is heard.

He feeds me there with Angels' Food,
With priestly unction seals ;
He draws me to His Mercy-Seat,
And there His grace reveals.

There, incense-veiled, I make request,
And what I ask He gives ;
I to the Holy God draw near,
Yet live, because He lives.



THIRTIETH DAY.



The Brazen Altar.

‘I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice.’

OH, dare I come
To lay, an offering whole,
Upon that Altar dread,
My body, spirit, soul?

With steadfast will,
With heart, and thought, and mind,
Fast to that Altar’s horns
My Sacrifice to bind.

There yield each sense,
Till, purified by fire,
It, handmaid blest ! fulfil
The chastened soul’s desire.

There offer up
Each true, salt-seasoned word ;
There pour in joyful song
Drink-offerings to the Lord.

Oh, dare I come
Before Thy searching Eyes,
To lay me down, my God,
A whole burnt sacrifice?

I shrink, I shrink !
Consuming Fire Thou art ;
Shield, lest I perish, Lord,
With Thine own strength my heart.

Fear not, poor child !
My Love, the Altar fire,
Anneals, exalts, refines,
The children of desire.

If willing thou,
Consumed thy dross shall be ;
And thou a higher life
Shalt live henceforth in Me.

[The brazen altar, on which the whole burnt-offering, with its meat and drink offering, was daily offered, was of shittim wood, overlaid with brass ; it was three cubits high, five cubits long and five broad.]

THIRTY-FIRST DAY.

**He is Coming !**

‘Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.’

‘Lo ! our eyes are dim with longing
For our own returning King !’
He is coming ! He is coming !
Let the earth with gladness ring.
He is coming ! the Redeemer,
The Redresser of all wrong ;
He is coming ! greet the Victor
With the freedmen’s triumph song.

He is coming ! Like to phantoms
Pass away the things of night ;
He is coming ! See the heavens
Are ablaze with glorious light.
He is coming ! Tell the captives ;
Bid the mourners’ wailings cease ;
He is coming ! Lo ! His Heralds
Ushering in the morn of Peace.

He is coming ! the Avenger,
The Almighty Lord of Life ;
Sin is banished from His Kingdom,
With her children, Toil and Strife.
In the glory of His Presence
Dies the grim destroyer, Death ;
He is coming ! Shout His praises,
Every creature that hath breath !

Hallelujah ! He hath silenced
The Accuser's venom'd tongue,
At the brightness of His Rising,
Lo, the earth again is young !
Life in Resurrection Beauty
Is the portion of His own,—
Life all tearless, sinless, changeless,
In the shadow of His Throne.

Thou art worthy ! Thou art worthy !
Through the whole creation rings ;
Hallelujah ! Crown Him Victor,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Seed of Abraham, Son of David,
Royal Priest, we Thee adore :
Hallelujah ! GOD Incarnate,
We are Thine for evermore.

FIRST SUNDAY IN THE MONTH.

**The Sabbath the Sign of the Covenant.**

‘Verily My Sabbaths ye shall keep : for it is a sign
between Me and you ; that ye may know that I am the
Lord that doth sanctify you.’

CREATION’S work is done !
Hallowed by GOD’S own Rest,
The Sabbath of Repose,
Himself henceforth hath blest.

Fresh from the Hand of GOD, •
Robed in Spring’s tender dress,
No toil had robbed the earth
Of her fresh loveliness.

Yet to the day which caught
The shadow of His Rest,
To His first ‘ Very good,’
Her Maker added ‘ Blest ’

THE SABBATH THE SIGN OF THE COVENANT. 83

Now cursèd in the Fall,
Her bosom scarred and stained,
She nestling at her heart
That blessing hath retained.

And with its Hope inspired
Forgets awhile her throes,
And o'er her Sabbaths breathes
The beauty of repose.

A green spot in the waste,
Sweet Sabbath, thou wert given ;
Now with new blessing blessed,
Thou art a type of heaven.

The covenanted sign
Of grace to Abraham's seed ;
How dear thy restful hours
To men from bondage freed !

Then in *one* favoured land
Jehovah was addressed ;
Incense to Him arose,
And worship hallowed rest.

Lo ! grace hath burst its bound,
Its streams the world embrace ;
And purer symbols now
The ancient types replace.

Sign of the curse removed,
The Lord's own Day is given ;
God's will shall yet be done
On earth, as in high heaven.

It Sabbath calm retains,
With life and joy new-won ;
For what the Father gave,
That ever gives the Son.

Oh, may its bright, calm hours
Prepare us for the Shore,
Where Rest and Worship blend—
One Lord's Day evermore !

SECOND SUNDAY IN THE MONTH.

The Lord's Day.

‘Call the Sabbath the holy of the Lord, honourable.’

HAIL, blessèd Day!
On thee the Light had birth,
Brightening with tender gleams
The new-formed earth.

Hail, sacred Day!
Erst thou didst faintly shine,
Hallowed in Paschal Feast,¹
By rites Divine.

Thy radiant morn
Proclaims that death is o'er;
Christ lives! and all in Him
Live evermore.

¹ A he-lamb was offered and a sheaf of first-fruits was waved before the Lord on the morrow after the Sabbath in the Paschal Feast.

God's first-fruit sheaf,
Uplifted to His throne,
As Living Bread descends
To feed His own,

From age to age
Supplies His people's needs,
And, as the Lamb once slain,
For ever pleads.

Hail, glorious Day !
On thee the Holy Dove
Bears on His silver wings
God's gifts of love,

Among the saints
His treasure to divide,
Himself the richest Gift,
The Friend and Guide.

Hail, royal Day !
Thy crown is worship blest,
Foretaste on earth below
Of heaven's true rest.

THIRD SUNDAY IN THE MONTH.



Holy Communion.

‘To-day I must abide at thy house.’

HE comes to-day ! in white attire
Array thyself with care ;
The ‘upper chamber’ of thy heart
With heedful haste prepare.

Be every angry temper hushed,
Abased each thought of pride,
That He who comes to visit thee
May there in peace abide.

See that the language of thy lips
Of golden truth be wrought,
And be the silver thread of love
Entwined with every thought.

Thine be the sigh of contrite heart
For sins which grieved thy Lord,
And thine the song of tuneful praise
For His forgiving word.

Fear not for thine unworthiness ;
The King will turn aside ;
In hearts which sing for pardoned sin
He loveth to abide.

So wait, that He may enter in
The temple of thy soul ;
His precious Blood shall wash thee clean,
His Body make thee whole.



·FOURTH SUNDAY IN THE MONTH.



Spiritual Communion.

‘There was leaning on Jesus’ bosom one of His disciples, whom Jesus loved.’

BE hushed, my soul !
Christ comes to thee to-day ;
Be thou intent to hear
What He will say.

Enthroned Him here ;
Sit silent at His feet ;
His word shall be to thee
As honey sweet.

His gracious voice,
Heard when the heart is still,
Reveals to thee unasked
The Father’s will.

Then, when He deigns
To draw thee to His breast,
There, as His friend of old,
Awhile to rest;

Speak thou to Him
Of those who love thee well ;
For all in grief and pain
Thy yearnings tell ;

For wandering sheep,
Thy longings and thy fears ;
There mourn the dear ones gone,—
He too shed tears.

There humbly crave
That He will be thy Guide,
And that for every need
He will provide.

There seek for grace
To live to Him alone,
To make His thoughts, His aims
Henceforth thine own.

There, on His heart,
Thy will to His resign,
And joy to share His cross,
True Love's dread sign.

Then, ask no more ;
In silent gladness rest ;
Enough that He is thine,
And thou art blest !



FIFTH SUNDAY IN THE MONTH.



Early Celebration.

‘ In the morning ye shall see the glory of the Lord.’

VERY early in the morning,
When the dew lay on the ground,
Mystic manna, food of angels,
Lay in glistening pearls around ;
There the hungering thousands gathered
For their food at break of day,
Ere the precious gift had melted
In the garish heat away.

Very early in the morning,
They who heard the Angels sing,
‘ Glory, glory in the Highest’—
Bowed before the Infant King ;

Chosen Heralds of Messiah,
They proclaimed His wondrous Birth,
And the Angels' midnight carol
Was the matin song of earth.

Very early in the morning
To the temple they repair,
Who had heard the voice of Jesus,
And again would seek Him there ;
There, in hearts which grace had softened,
Meek and lowly, pure and true,
All His words of heavenly wisdom
Fell like manna on the dew.

Very early in the morning;
To the sepulchre love-led,
Holy women, bearing spices,
Seek the Living 'mid the dead ;
Very early, Jesus risen,
Met them with His greeting sweet,
Drew them, raptured and adoring,
To His nail-imprinted Feet.

Through the weary hours of darkness
Faithful virgins ready stand,
Watching, waiting for the summons,
'Lo! the Bridegroom is at hand !'

Very early, ere the dawning,
Ere the breeze awake the day,
Hears the Spouse her Fair One whisper,
‘Rise, my love, and come away.’

Very early in the morning
Let us hasten to His shrine,
For we know the Lord will meet us
In His Sacrament Divine ;
He will satisfy our longing,
He will be our health and stay,
He will send us forth rejoicing
To the labours of the day.

